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all; and such passages as Evander's speech (*Æn.* XI. 151 *seqq.*) has its chief difficulties absolutely ignored. Even in the elementary edition of *Æneid* I. – VI., we have only three lines and a half on *Æneid* VI. 562 – 579 (not a word on *Castigatque auditque*, which every editor but Heyne gets wrong, through ignorance of Roman law), nothing on VI. 580 – 589, three lines on 590 – 593, and not one word till 611! And this in an edition so elementary that it has a vocabulary of words! It is not too much to say that for every note of every kind teachers will have to supply another of which Mr. Chase gives no hint.

What, then, is the remedy? As regards the *Livy*, we should say that students who need notes as elementary as some of Mr. Chase's are not up to *Livy* at all, and certainly not up to his other notes. Had he struck out three fourths of his grammar references, and half his translations, there would have been room to complete his advanced notes, and made a truly valuable edition for scholars in our best colleges. Whereas in *Virgil* we should ask for a much more elementary edition as better for schools.

But the examination of these and other really meritorious editions convinces us that the best way of teaching the classics is to use in the class editions without notes, providing or requiring pupils to obtain abundant works of reference; and above all, insisting that both pupils and teachers, if they really claim to share the noble name of scholars, shall cease to hope for satisfaction from manual editions, and should go directly for instruction to the great critical and exegetical editions of master scholars. We believe that, for class requirements, every year more and more of our best teachers and best scholars will prefer to make and use *their own notes*.

3. — *Voltaire*. By JOHN MORLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

THIS is hardly a life of Voltaire, as that word is generally understood. It is no combination of dates and trivial incidents which go so far to make up many biographies, and which, indeed, are necessary for our comprehension of a character, but it is rather a presentation of Voltaire on the supposition that we are already familiar with the main incidents of his life, and a discussion of his influence and various views. There is, of course, a great deal of biographical information; one cannot write of Voltaire and leave Voltaire out, but it perhaps presupposes a greater familiarity of the reader with the facts of his life than might always be found to be the case. For, while Strauss and Renan are

now the fashionable arch-foes of Christianity in the popular mind, there yet remains, we imagine, a traditional distrust and hatred of Voltaire as the father of all the infidelity of the present day. That those who hold this view are as ignorant of the facts of his life as of his real work, is by no means surprising. But even those who might be inclined to take a more impartial view have not been able, without considerable research, to learn the story of his career, because Voltaire aroused so violently the passions of his day, that time had to pass before criticism could be free of either malignity or adulation. For readers of German we know no better work than Strauss's life of Voltaire, which appeared more than a year and a half ago. It is a book remarkable for its hard-headed impartiality. The author is certainly no foe of Voltaire, but then he is equally far from being an enthusiastic partisan. He tells his story lucidly, without passion, and the result is a very interesting and valuable book. It, however, was by no means exhaustive, it was by no means the last word that could be written on the subject; for, since the book was a reprint of a course of lectures, and, moreover, a course given before her Royal Highness, the Princess Alice of Hesse, a daughter of Queen Victoria, there was not the same severity of treatment that the author would have shown us under other circumstances, and which is to be found in this book of Mr. Morley's.

Mr. Morley's treatment of Voltaire, besides the fact that it is more philosophical than that of Dr. Strauss, differs, too, in being more the work of an advocate, not, however, of the advocate, in the worst sense, who exalts the paradox and claims our admiration for all the qualities of his client, because we must admire him in some, but rather of an advocate who sees the position that Voltaire held, the way in which he has suffered from the malignity of the attacks made against him as well as by his own inconsequent actions, and longs to right him before the world. The book is an enthusiastic book, but it is the enthusiasm of quality, rather than that of quantity, which inspires it. The author writes fervently, but then Voltaire's influence was great; his work, even taking the opposition it excited as a test, was incalculable in its effects, and the subject is an interesting one. For even to a disinterested observer, if such there could be, the sight of a single man who in himself begins in spite of opposition, carries on, and represents a change of thought in the history of mankind, cannot fail to be interesting. Of Voltaire, Mr. Morley says:—

“When the right sense of historical proportion is more fully developed in men's minds, the name of Voltaire will stand for as much as the names of the great decisive movements in the European advance, like the Revival of Learning or the Reformation. The existence, character, and career of

this extraordinary person constituted in themselves a new and most prodigious era. . . . A new type of belief, and of its shadow, disbelief, was stamped by the impression of his character and work into the intelligence and feeling of his own and the following times."

More passages from this introductory chapter we are unwilling to quote. It is full of eloquent defence of Voltaire, as well as of critical estimate of his position. Our author is not blind in his praise. Voltaire is to him no demigod, without whom no nineteenth century would have come, but rather one of the many, partly products of their time, partly men who saw with their own eyes, to whom so much of our present freedom is due.

In his second chapter Mr. Morley discusses the effect that his visit to England had upon him, and, while he lays great weight upon the influence of the English deists, he notices the slight comprehension that he, as well as Montesquieu, had of the English constitutional freedom and of the individual liberty of that country. He calls attention, too, to his studies in English literature. In the next two chapters we have the discussion of Voltaire's own work in literature, and of his life in Berlin. On these we need not linger. He will never be with us English-speaking people a favorite tragedian nor a much-read epic poet. What Mr. Morley has to say about his literary qualities will be found of value, in spite of its brevity. Of his life in Berlin he gives a rather full account, and nowhere do we see more clearly the presence of those qualities which embitter the feelings of one's contemporaries and may well be neglected by posterity, at least until they are familiar with the best work of one who, in private life, may have been an unpleasant companion. Those notorious qualities of Voltaire, his petulance, vanity, disregard for truth in its incidental phenomenal appearances, notwithstanding his zeal for it as an intellectual guide, were much more the concern of those who had to live with him than of us. No characteristics of such a man are to be totally disregarded; but, on the other hand, we should avoid too hasty rejoicing at the discovery of personal qualities that we, perhaps, are better able to detect than those powers which have, in their day, moved the world. What especially interests us is Voltaire's relations to religion. We never hear him attacked as an inferior playwright, or as a sad example of one who has no control over his temper; but it was by his position in regard to religion that he made his name known in the world, and hence the reader will turn to Mr. Morley's discussion of his relations to religion with especial interest. All the pettiness, the narrow-mindedness, the flippancy, the shallowness, all the more annoying from the keenness of the wit, and which have fairly enough given him his notoriety as a

brawling enemy of the Church, are made manifest by the exposition that Mr. Morley gives us of Voltaire's religious discussion. He says : —

"In examining the Voltairean attack upon religion, we have to remember that it was in the first instance prompted, and throughout its course stimulated and embittered, by antipathy to the external organization of the religion. It was not merely disbelief in a creed, but exasperation against a church. Two distinct elements lay at the bottom of Voltaire's enmity to the peculiar form of monotheism which he found supreme about him. One of them was the intellectual element of repugnance to a system of belief that rested on miracles and mysteries irreconcilable with reason, and was so intimately associated with some of the most odious types of character and most atrocious actions in the Old Testament, which undoubtedly contains so many of both. The other was the moral element of anger against the expounders of this system, their intolerance of light and hatred of knowledge, their fierce yet profoundly contemptible struggles with one another, the scandals of their casuistry, their besotted cruelty."

His mind, while keenly sensitive to intolerance and bigotry, was totally incapable of appreciating the higher truths of religion. He shocked many by his ribaldry; his wit was not readily answered; those who had the firmest hold on religion felt most keenly the sharpness of his tongue, and were least capable of replying to it. He took up entirely the incidental sides of religion; the meaning that they have does not depend on the form, which may be sneered at by any one, but on the spiritual connection it has with higher truths. This Voltaire could never see. As Mr. Morley says : —

"He delights in the minute cavils of literary pyrrhonism, and rejoices in the artifice of imposing the significance of the letter, where his adversaries strove for interpretation of the spirit. As if, for instance, anything could be more childish than to attack baptism by asking whether Christianity consists in throwing water on the head, with a little salt in it. . . . Nothing short of the blindest partisanship can pretend to find in this a proper or adequate method. The utmost that can be said, and no just historian ought to forget to say it, is, that it was not more improper or inadequate than the orthodox method of defence in Bayle's Commentary on the words, 'Compel them to come in,' would not satisfy the modern requirements of Scriptural exegesis, but it was quite good enough to confound those who contended that the text was a direct warrant from heaven for the bitterest persecution upon earth."

Further on, in defence of Voltaire, we find : —

"It was not Voltaire's fault that the controversy turned on issues which a more modern opponent would not care to dispute. He is constantly flippant and trivial, and constantly manifests gross irreverence, but it was the writers whom he was combating, — writers like Sanchez or the stercoranists, who had opened frivolous and unbecoming questions that could hardly be exposed with gravity."

Again:—

“Voltaire, however, not only did not use, he never understood nor perceived, the fact that a religion rests for its final base on a certain small number of ideas, or that it is only by touching these, by loosening the firmness of their hold, by revealing their want of coherency and consistency with other accepted ideas, that we can expect to shake the superstructure.”

We have not space to follow thoroughly all the ins and outs of this question of Voltaire's religion or irreligion. The reader will find Mr. Morley's examination as critical as it is interesting. Mr. Morley is an enthusiast, as we have said, but he is much more of an enthusiast on the side of truth than he is in unwise, blind admiration of Voltaire. We can be cooler nowadays, when one can say what he pleases, than Voltaire could be when Calas was broken on the wheel for hostility to the Catholic Church. One of the great advantages as well as proofs of this coolness is the appearance of such books as this of Mr. Morley's.

The remaining chapters of the work discuss Voltaire as an historian, and give an account of his life at Ferney. In conclusion, we commend this book for its earnestness, its impartiality of aim, and its freedom from ill-temper and fanaticism. We hope that the author may give us another similar work in explanation of Rousseau. There are few writers so capable of such a work, both by their inborn powers and acquired knowledge, and there are few men of reputation and influence with whom this generation is on the whole less familiar than with this other great Frenchman.

4. — *Good Bye, Sweetheart.* — A Novel. By RHODA BROUGHTON.
Richard Bentley & Son. 1872.

THE Rhoda Broughton novels belong to the school of Mrs. Gore. No genius, little invention, but a shrewd observation of modern manners and motives, some humor, a good deal of wit, or of what answers the purpose nearly as well, — “the spangles of conversational *figurantes*,” as Dr. Holmes calls this kind of dialogue, — and a clever workmanlike knack of making a lively, readable book. Of “*Good Bye, Sweetheart*,” as of its predecessors, there is perhaps too much. It would be well if a literary machine could be invented for compressing fiction, like a cotton or hay press, by which the loose materials that make up the three-volume novel or the serial in twelve monthly parts could be packed into the dimensions of a pamphlet or of a good magazine story. It might keep us from that careless way of reading which much skipping superinduces.